MERRIMACK MAGAZINE
AND
LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REPLETE WITH EV'RY CHARM T' IMPROVE THE HEART,
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

No. 5.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1805. [Vol. I.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE TWIN-BROTHERS.
A TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

HIS eldeſt brother, who had given her the full blown flower ot the ſame time, thought that nothing more was wanting to his happineſs, than the approbation and conſent of her relations. Chance brought them both on the very ſame day to the parents of their beloved. But how great was their aſtoniſhment on their meeting each other! As ſoon as the father appeared, each addreſſed him for his daughter. He aſſured them that he had but one child, of whoſe virtue he was fully convinced, that ſhe never, in oppoſition to the laws of the land, could favor two lovers at once. He, however, concluded, from the perfect likeneſs that ſubſiſted between the two brothers, that ſome miſtake had happened, and ſent for his daughter to clear up the matter. She immediately appeared, decorated with the four flowers ſhe had received, in the complete conviction, that the two full blown flowers had been preſented her by one and the ſame hand.

Venus herſelf, attended by the graces, could not have ſhone more lovely than Berilla—for thus was the damſel called. Her form was noble and majeſtic; and her complexion ſurpaſſed the blooming roſe. No ſooner did ſhe perceive the great reſemblance between her lovers, and the tokens they wore of her inclination, than ſhe exclaimed, "I am deceived! Thou knoweſt my innocence, O almighty Sun!" She was unable to utter more, but fell motionleſs to the earth. Her beautiful cheeks were covered with the veil of death. The father, frantic with agony, held her in his arms, and preſſed her to his heart. My dear, my only daughter, live, or I muſt die with thee; I know that thou art innocent. Her mother and the ſervants were fetched to her relief, and with much difficulty reſtored her.

She lifted up her eyes, raiſed a deep ſigh, cloſed them again, and ſaid: "Unhappy Berilla, thou art now diſhonoured! Thou wert the comfort of thy parents, who loved thee in their hearts; and, as the reward of their tenderneſs, thou art become the cauſe of their diſtreſs!" On uttering theſe words ſhe burſt into a flood of tears. Her father, himſelf oppreſſed with ſorrow, ſtrove to calm her tortured mind by every endearing expreſſion, and by giving her repeated aſſurances that he was convinced of her innocence. "O my father, (ſaid ſhe) am I ſtill worthy of thee?" "That thou art (replied he) thy ſorrow indicates, which at once is thy juſtification, and the triumph of thy ſenſibility. Compoſe thy ſpirit (added he with ſighs) I know thy innocence." The two brothers ſtood ſpeechleſs at this mournful ſcene; they alternately caſt on each other looks of diſtruſt, of anger, and then of compaſſion.

In the mean time the amiable maiden completely revived; at leaſt ſo far as to be able to reply to ſome queſtions that were made to her. She declared that the firſt, who led her to the altar, was the perſon that made impreſſion on her heart; that ſhe, preſently after, as ſhe believed, accepted from him the firſt token of his inclination, and at length conſented to become his; that thereupon ſhe wore the full-blown flower: but ſhe was totally ignorant which of the two brothers it was by whom it was given her. She concluded by ſaying, that ſhe was ready to abide by the judgment of the elders, and to ſubmit to any puniſhment they ſhould think fit to inflict.

As the marriage engagement is among the moſt weighty concerns of the empire, and as there was no law already provided in regard to ſo peculiar a caſe, it was neceſſarily left to the deciſion of the Pophar, or prince of the country. The cauſe was propounded in the preſence of him and the elders. The likeneſs of the two brothers was in reality ſo great, that they were ſcarcely to be diſtinguiſhed aſunder. The prince aſked which of the two it was that led her to the altar; The eldeſt replied it was he. Berilla confeſſed, that indeed he pleaſed her at firſt; but the impreſſion he made on her was but ſlight. Upon this it was aſked, who gave her the firſt flower; and it proved to be the youngeſt. Berilla ſaid ſhe loſt that; but, ſhortly after, her lover returned it to her, though at this moment he appeared leſs amiable to her than before; however, ſhe conſtantly thought it had been the ſame. The point which moſt perplexed the judge, was, that the maiden had received the full-blown flower from both the lovers. They looked ſtedfaſtly on each other, without daring to utter a word. The Pophar interrogated the young lady, whether, at the time ſhe gave her conſent, ſhe did not believe ſhe was giving it to him who had led her to the altar? She affirmed that ſhe did; but likewiſe declared, that her greateſt inclination had fallen on him from ſhe received the firſt flower. Both the brothers were now ſet before her, and the queſtion was put to her, which of the two ſhe would chuſe if the election were now freely left to herſelf? She bluſhed; and, after a few moments of conſideration, replied: "The youngeſt ſeems to have the greateſt inclination for me;" at the ſame time darting him a look, that betrayed the ſecret wiſhes of her ſoul.

All men now waited with impatience for the decree of the prince, and eagerly ſtrove to read in his eyes the judgment he was go-to pronounce: but particularly the two lovers, who ſeemed expecting the ſentence of life or death. At length the prince addreſſed himſelf to Berilla with a ſtern and gloomy countenance: "Thy misfortune, or rather thy imprudence, prevents thee from ever poſſeſſing either of the brothers. Thou haſt given to each of them an inconteſtible right to thy perſon. One hope alone remains for thee; and that is, if one of them will forego his pretenſions. And now, my ſons, (continued he) what have you to ſay? Which of you is diſpoſed to ſacrifice his own ſatisfaction to the happineſs of his brother? They both made anſwer, they would ſooner loſe their lives. The prince turned again to the damſel, who ſeemed on the point of ſinking to the earth, and ſaid: "Thy caſe excites my compaſſion; but, as neither of the two will yield, I am obliged to condemn thee to a ſingle ſtate, till one of thy lovers change his opinion or die.

The lot was cruel; for in Mezzorania the ſtate of celibacy was a heavy diſgrace. The whole aſſembly was about to ſeparate, when the younger brother threw himſelf on his knees before the judge: "I implore your patience for a moment (ſaid he;) I will rather ſacrifice my right, than ſee Berilla ſo ſeverely doomed. Take her, O my brother; and may ye live long and happily together!

And thou, the delight of my life, forgive the trouble my innocent love has cauſed thee! This is the ſole requeſt I have to make thee." The aſſembly roſe up, and the magnanimous lover was about to depart, when the prince commanded him to ſtay. "Son, remain where thou art (ſaid he;) thy magnanimity deſerves to be rewarded. The damſel is thine; for, by this ſacrifice, thou haſt merited her love. Give her thy hand, and live happily with her!" They were married ſhortly after, and the prince acquired great renown by this decree.

A SINGULAR TALE.

WE are about to indulge our readers with a very true relation of an affair which happened ſome years ſince in one of the French provinces.

A man of faſhion paid his addreſſes to a young lady of beauty, rank, and diſtinguiſhed merit.

As there was a parity in years, in fortune, and in ſituation, the lady received her gallant with the accuſtomary condeſcenſion females ſeldom withhold from thoſe whom they are taught to pronounce upon an equality with themſelves.

The parents of the young lady, however, from whatever motive, diſapproved of the match. The gentleman pleaded—but in vain: and finding it impoſſible to overcome the *aged obſtinacy* of the parents, he reſolved to ſolicit his charmer's conſent to enter into the holy bands of matrimony, without any farther conſultation with the parents, who ſeemed ſo reſolutely determined to perſiſt in a denial. Having fully explained himſelf on this head, the young lady, after recovering from a confuſion which, ever on theſe occaſions, is viſible among the virgin fair, conſented to become his wife; they were wedded, and the marriage kept a profound ſecret.

It happened, after a few years had elapſed, that the huſband was obliged to leave his lovely bride, being called into a foreign country in order to adjuſt ſome family affairs, which required his immediate preſence. The neceſſity was no leſs urgent than diſagreeable to both parties; however, they permitted their good ſenſe to operate, and after vowing mutual affection and fidelity, parted in certain expectation of ſeeing each other, at a time when ſuch an alteration ſhould take place as might afford them an opportunity of living in a manner every way becoming an happy and virtuous wedded pair.

For ſome time they correſponded: but the huſband being obliged to croſs ſeveral tempeſtuous ſeas, did not receive ſuch frequent anſwers to his epiſtles as he had reaſon to expect. This he attributed to a difference of climate, rendering a regular correſpondence altogether impracticable; and as he imagined his letters had miſcarried, he reſolved for the preſent to deſiſt from writing; not reliſhing the idea of having his ſentiments canvaſſed over by indifferent ſtrangers, or perhaps captious enemies.

Another reaſon which induced him to lay aſide for the preſent all thoughts of an epiſtolary correſpondence, was the proſpect he had of ſhortly returning to France, where the preſence of his amiable conſort would infinitely exceed all ideal interviews, and make ample amends for every pang his heart had undergone.

It is now time that we ſhould return to the lady.

As ſhe poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of youth and beauty, it was not to be ſuppoſed ſhe could long remain without a train of admirers. Her parents, who never dreamt about their daughter's previous marriage, became each day more anxious to ſelect a perſon whoſe mental and perſonal endowments might, in their eſtimation, render him worthy their favorite daughter's hand and heart.

Several years had now rolled on, without the lady's hearing a ſyllable of her real huſband. At laſt the fatal news arrived that he was now no more.

The lady was inconſolable, but ſhe found it prudent to ſtifle her griefs, that ſhe might obliterate the ſmalleſt degree of ſuſpicion.

When ſhe had paid every tribute conſiſtent with reflection to the memory of her departed lord, a gentleman was propoſed by her parents for her approbation; the good old people were ſo prejudiced in favor of the perſon they had introduced, that they gave their daughter to underſtand their happineſs depended on her compliance.

The young lady, who thought herſelf entirely at liberty to commit a ſecond treſpaſs upon hymen, after ſome little heſitation, conſented. The nuptials were celebrated; the lady, if not happy, was placid, and ſerenely content; the parents were delighted; the bridegroom was enraptured; and all were jocund, all were ſprightly.

For four years this newly married couple lived in perfect harmony: but at length an intermitting fever ſeized the lady; the phyſicians were baffled, and ſhe to all appearance, paid the debt due to nature. She was buried with pomp, and every reverence ſhown to her memory the cuſtom of the country would admit of.

During her laſt illneſs, her former huſband, whom we left abroad, had returned; and, after making the neceſſary enquiries, was informed of every circumſtance we have related above.

As he was unwilling to ſurprize her whilſt ſhe combated with ſickneſs, he had employed a truſty perſon to make him acquainted with each particular of her caſe; and the inſtant the news of her death reached his ears, a frantic wildneſs ſeized his ſoul, and he reſolved to receive no manner of ſuſtenance, but to bury himſelf amongſt the mould which lay lightly on her breaſt, and thus pine out the ſhort remaining period of his exiſtence.

Full of this reſolution, he repaired, the night ſhe was buried, to her tomb, and, after digging up the earth, diſcovered her coffin, fetched a deep ſigh, and was about to ſtretch his wearied limbs, when, to his conſternation, aſtoniſhment, and affright, he perceived ſigns of life. He tore open the coffin, and found it even as he ſuſpected. His wife was almoſt ſuffocated: he ſnatched her up in his arms, conveyed her to the houſe of a neighbouring friend, had her put into a warm bed, and in a few weeks ſhe was perfectly reſtored to life and health.

As ſhe had a real affection for her firſt huſband, ſhe made no ſcruple of chooſing him for her companion; but as the affair ſoon made a prodigious noiſe throughout the country, the ſecond huſband, who alſo doated on her to diſtraction, no ſooner was informed of the particulars, than he attempted to force her to live with him; the prior claimant as reſolutely perſiſted in keeping her in himſelf. In ſhort, a lawſuit was commenced: the moſt learned advocates in France were employed: a redundancy of erudition was diſplayed, and, after being litigated for a conſiderable length of time, a ſolemn deciſion was given in favour of the gentleman who had firſt married her.

This ſtory has ſo much the air of fable and romance, that to leave an impreſſion of its truth on the minds of our readers, we ſhall inform them, that the French lawyers have ſelected all the famous trials, with the deciſions which have been given in their courts for a ſeries of years.

This work, which is contained in ſeveral folio volumes, is entitled, *Les Cauſe Celebres*. The above very extraordinary relation is recited therein, together with all the ſubtile and ingenious arguments uſed by the oppoſite advocates for the different huſbands. So that there can be little doubt of the truth of a narrative ſo well authenticated.

REMARK.—PERSONS are ſometimes ruffled into paſſions at trifles, who are calm on much more important occaſions; becauſe perhaps they do not deem the occaſion worthy of their philoſophy, or have not time to call it forth.

THE ART OF PLEASING.

THE deſire of being pleaſed is univerſal; the deſire of pleaſing ſhould be ſo too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality of doing to others what one wiſhes they ſhould do to us. There are indeed ſome moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not heſitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favors or benefits is, as to pleaſing, almoſt as important as the matter itſelf. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of inſolent protection, or by a cold and comfortleſs manner, which ſtifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the diſtreſſes and miſeries of our fellow creatures: for a true heartfelt benevolence and tenderneſs, will prompt us to contribute what we can to their eaſe, their amuſement, and their pleaſure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only ſcatter benefits, but even ſtrew flowers for our fellow-travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are ſome, and but too many in this country particularly, who, without the leaſt viſible taint of ill-nature or malevolence, ſeem to be totally indifferent, and do not ſhew the leaſt deſire to pleaſe; as, on the other hand, they never deſignedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and liftleſs diſpoſition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low ſpirits, or from a ſacred and ſullen pride, ariſing from the conſciouſneſs of their boaſted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, conſidering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But be the cauſe what it will, that neutrality, which is the effect of it, makes theſe people, as neutralities do, deſpicable, and mere blanks in ſociety. They would ſurely be rouſed from their indifference, if they would ſeriouſly conſider the infinite utility of pleaſing.

The perſon who manifeſts a conſtant deſire to pleaſe, places his, perhaps, ſmall ſtock of merit, at great intereſt. What vaſt returns, then, muſt real merit, when thus adorned, neceſſarily bring in!—A prudent uſurer would with tranſport place his laſt ſhilling at ſuch intereſt, and upon ſo ſolid a ſecurity.

The man who is amiable, will make almoſt as many friends as acquaintances; I mean in the current acceptation of the word, but not ſuch ſentimental friends as Pylades and Oreſtes, Nyſus and Euryalus, &c. but he will make people in general wiſh him well, and incline to ſerve him in any thing not inconſiſtent with their own intereſt.

Civility is the eſſential article towards pleaſing, and is the reſult of good-nature, and of good ſenſe, but good breeding is the decoration, the luſtre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter may be intentionally as civil as the politeſt courtier; but their manner often degrades and villifies the matter; whereas, in good breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter to ſuch a degree, that I have often known it to give currency to baſe coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremonioufneſs, which good breeding corrects, but will not quite aboliſh. A certain degree of ceremony is a neceſſary out-work of manners, as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulent at a proper diſtance, and is a very ſmall reſtraint to the ſenſible, and to the well-bred part of the world.

APHORISMS.—Silence is a thing which ceaſes to be, the moment one would deſcribe what it is.

The fox knows a good deal, but a woman in love knows more.

ON REFLECTION.

"'Tis greatly wife to talk of our paft hours:
"And aſk them what report they bore to Heaven;
"And how they might have borne more welcome news."

NOTHING can conduce more to the improvement of the morals of youth, than frequent communion with paſt hours. On inveſtigation, it will be found, that perſons who are in the habit of *reflecting*, ſeldom commit one kind of fault twice; and it is believed, that very few men are ſo heedleſs or ſo depraved that they cannot be benefited by a view of *paſt hours*. If mankind in general would ſpend more time in reviewing the paſt, and leſs in anticipating the future, much good would reſult from it. By making of the memory a kind of note book; and by writing thereon the tranſactions of the day, the poſſeſſor is enabled, in the tranquil hours of the night, to reviſe the work, and make ſuch corrections as his ſober judgment may dictate. With this day's work before his eyes, he may reſolve to '*turn over a new leaf*,' and preſent a more perfect page on the morrow. Let youth of both ſexes adopt this plan—let them proſecute it with care and impartiality—let them uſe a faithful pencil—and the time will ſoon arrive when they will not be aſhamed to aſk their paſt hours, *what report they have borne to Heaven.* MENTOR.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK, LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

FREDERICK, late king of Pruſſia, conſidered diſcipline and ſubordination as eſſential in the conduct of an army. With a ſuſceptible heart, he committed, in order to eſtabliſh or preſerve thoſe qualities, actions which muſt appear cruel. But when he was once perſuaded of the neceſſity of a meaſure, and had formed his plan, he ſtifled in his breaſt every ſentiment which might oppoſe its execution.—In the firſt war with Sileſia, wiſhing to make ſome alterations in the camp during the night, he forbade every perſon, under pain of death, to keep, after a certain hour, a fire or light in his tent. He went himſelf the rounds. In paſſing the tent of captain Zietern he perceived a light; he enters, and finds the captain employed in ſealing a letter he had juſt been writing to his wife, whom he loved tenderly. "What are you doing there?' ſaid the king; "Do you not know the order?"—Zietern throws himſelf on his knees, and begs pardon, but neither could nor would attempt to deny his fault. "Sit down," ſays the king, "and add to your letter a few words I am going to dictate to you." The officer obeys, and the king dictates, "*To-morrow I ſhall periſh on a ſcaffold.*" Zietern wrote them, & the next day was executed.

Amuſement.

CERTAIN it is, ſays a grave writer, that the fineſt ſhow in the world excites but little curioſity in thoſe, who have ſeen it before. "That was a very fine picture," ſays the connoiſſeur, "but I had ſeen it before." "'Twas a ſweet ſong," ſays the amateur, "but I had heard it before." "A very fine poem," ſays the critic, "but I had read it before." Let every lady therefore, take care that, while ſhe is diſplaying in public, a boſom whiter than ſnow, the n[illegible] do not look as if they were ſaying, "'Tis ver[illegible] pretty, *but we have ſeen it before.*"

NOT long ſince, a certain Quack was addreſſed by one of his patients as follows: "Doctor, how is it that when we eat and drink, the meat is ſeparated from the drink?" "Why, I'll tell you, (replies the Quack,) in the neck there is two pipes, one of them is to receive meat, the other drink; at the top of theſe pipes is a lid, or clapper, and when we eat, this clapper ſhuts up the drink pipe, and when we drink, it turns back upon the meat pipe." "But, Doctor, (ſays the patient,) *ſeems to me, that clapper muſt play d—n ſharp when we eat pudding and milk!*

IN the revolutionary war, an Iriſhman who was reputed a faithful and brave ſoldier, much eſteemed by the officers, obtained leave one day to ramble out from the camp, and as he paſſed by a farmer's houſe, a cock and hen turkey were ſitting on the fence. The cock agreeable to his nature, gobbled at him; Paddy caught them both and brought them to the camp without injury; the owner followed him, and entered a complaint againſt him—A Court Martial was called, his captain was Preſident, and was firſt to examine him; how ſaid he, is this Jemmy, that you have ſtolen the man's turkeys? He denied ſtealing them, ſaying, my captain knows that I have been a good friend to my country, and could never bear the name of a tory; as I was paſſing by the man's houſe, that red headed devil ſteps up, and calls out *tory, tory, tory*, and I would not bear it at his hands, ſo I took him up and brought him to the camp for trial; well ſaid his captain, but you brought the hen, and ſhe has done no crime—faith, replied he, ſhe was the only witneſs I had againſt him. This witty turn, ſo pleaſed the Court Martial, that they paid the man for his turkeys, and gave them to Jemmy to puniſh in his own way.

A blind fiddler, in croſſing a violent ſtream of water, loſt his fiddle, and narrowly eſcaped from being drowned. While he was lamenting the loſs he had ſuſtained, a by-ſtander ſympathiſed with him, by ſaying he pitied his caſe. "*Oh! d—n the caſe*," replied Scrape, "'*tis the fiddle I want.*"

Original Communication.

For the LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

The Seaſons of the Year.—No. I.

SPRING.

Lovely goddeſs, ſmiling MAY,
Bright as dawn at op'ning day;
Youngeſt daughter of the SPRING,
Hither haſte on balmy wing.

THE contemplative mind can have no greater field for improvement than to delineate the ſeaſons of the year; this brings things paſt up to our view, fits the preſent in their true light, and aſſiſts us to paint thoſe future in the moſt lively colours. When we caſt our eyes on the things which ſurround us in the SPRING, or on the opening of the year, the variety of objects which lay before us are immenſe. We behold, on one hand, the trees of the foreſt laid waſte by the fury of the ſtorms which have tranſpired during the cold blaſts of winter: on the other hand, we behold the land diveſted of the fleecy ſnow and laying open for the uſe of man; the fields ready for cultivation, and the huſbandman preparing to return to his uſeful employment. The aged and the children who have found a ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt under a peaceful covert, now reſume their native vigor, and are ſeen to traverſe the plain and retreat to their ſhady bowers. The lambs are ſeen to ſkip acroſs the vale, and the feathered ſongſter is heard to uther in the morn with her melodious notes; all things appear to be enlivened and ſpeak the praiſe of their Maker!

"The ſerpents leave the covert of annoy,
Uncurl and undulate and writh with joy."

DAMON.

NEWBURYPORT,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1805.

ARRIVAL OF GENERAL MOREAU.

THE illuſtrious *MOREAU* has at length reached our ſhores. May his virtues and his talents here receive the homage they merit! It might be a difficult, and would certainly be an unpleaſant taſk, to inveſtigate either the truth or the nature of the charges which have impoſed upon him the neceſſity of abandoning his native country. It is, however, agreed on all hands, that this ſtep is dictated by reaſons of ſtate, ariſing from circumſtances which do not implicate his moral character, and which conſequently do not render him in any reſpect leſs worthy of eſteem. Without then entering into a diſcuſſion connected with this point, let it be our pride to receive this diſtinguiſhed man in a ſtile ſuitable to his illuſtrious career; that, though deprived of the ſociety of his old friends and countrymen, the aſſociates in his glory, he may ſtill find happineſs in the tranquil ſcenes of a peaceful nation, and in the juſt tribute paid to his virtues. [*Waſhington paper.*

General Moreau has been waited on in the moſt reſpectable manner, by the principal characters in this city, and has accepted an invitation for a public dinner, to be given in October next.—He has left this place for his ſeat at Morriſville. [*Philad. pap.*

MALIGNANT FEVER.

From the lateſt accounts we learn that the Malignant Fever has made its appearance in the cities of Newyork and Philadelphia, but has not yet aſſumed a very alarming aſpect in either place.

CAPTIVES IN TRIPOLI.

It is with pleaſure that we are able to announce the certainty of the liberation of our captive countrymen in Tripoli. Official accounts are received of their having been reſtored to liberty in conſequence of a treaty concluded between the United States and the Baſhaw of Tripoli.

Hymeneal.

'Delightful ſtate! to whom alone is given,
'On earth, to antedate the joys of heaven.'

MARRIED]—In Coventry, Mr. Levi Ruſſell, aged 19, to Miſs Sarah Wentworth, aged 60.

In Lee, Robert Parker, Eſq. aged 73, to Miſs Hannah Cheſly, aged 22.

In Boſton, Maj. Tyler, of Patucket, to Mrs. Fobes, wife of the late Maj. Fobes, of Boſton.

In Hampton, Mr. Daniel Connor, merchant, of Exeter, to Miſs Sarah Adams, of the ſame place, daughter of the late Col. Samuel Adams, of Portſmouth.

In this town, Mr. William Vickery, to Miſs Elizabeth Loring.

Obituary.

'Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions ſoar,
'Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!'

DIED]—At the Havannah, the 6th of Aug. Mr. *George Clifford*, aged 22, only ſon of E. Clifford, Eſq. of Exeter.

In Newburgh, (N.Y.) John Skey Euſtace, Eſq. aged 46. He was aid-de-camp to Gen. Charles Lee, and of conſiderable merit as an officer during the revolutionary war.

In Stockbridge, Mrs. Phidime Baldwin, wife of Mr. Clark E. She is the ſecond white adult perſon that has died in that town ſince the 15th of September laſt.

In Concord, (N.H.) Mr. Hubbard Gale, aged 25.

In Newbury, Mr. Samuel Emery, aged 68. Mr. Joſeph Titcomb, aged 80. Dr. Enoch Sawyer, aged 83.

In this town, Mrs. Hannah Emerſon, aged 38, conſort of Joſeph Emerſon, Eſq. Mrs. Anne Hart, aged 79.

At Sea, on board the ſhip Argo, of this port, Mr. John Roberts, of Somerſworth, N. H.; killed by lightning.

In this town, Mrs. Sukey Dana, aged 27, conſort of the Rev. Samuel Dana of Marblehead, and daughter of Wm. Coombs, Eſq. of this town.

DROWNED]—On Saliſbury beach, on Tueſday laſt, Mr. Nathan Webſter, of Atkinſon, aged 24 years.—He had repaired thither with others on a party for pleaſure, among whom were, a brother, two ſiſters, & other relatives, the ſad ſpectators of the diſtreſſing ſcene.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

☞ *Subſcriptions for the* Merrimack Magazine and Ladies' Literary Cabinet, *are received at the* Poſt-Office, *the* Book-Stores *in State-ſtreet and Market-ſquare, by Meſſrs.* Webb & Kettell, *Middle ſtreet, and at the* Printing-Office *of the Publiſhers.*——*Future Subſcribers may be ſupplied with firſt numbers of the Magazine.* *Aug. 24.*

Juſt Publiſhed, and for Sale at this Office,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

AN ESSAY ON MAN, in four epiſtles to *Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke*: to which is added, The Univerſal Prayer. By *Alexander Pope, Eſq.*

ALMEDIA ST. ALBANS; or, Magnanimity Rewarded. To which is added, THE WOUNDED SOLDIER—a Fragment.

Poetry.

If, after reading the inimitable "ODE" of COLLINS, *to the "* PASSIONS," *any applauſe can be reſerved for other productions in the ſame ſtyle, the following highly finiſhed Ode to "*MADNESS," *by* PENROSE, *may ſupport the ſecond claim.*

MADNESS.

SWELL the clarion, ſweep the ſtring,
Blow into rage the muſe's fires!
All thy anſwers, Echo, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring.

Hail awful Madneſs, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager ſpreads his vent'rous ſail.
Nor beſt nor wiſeſt are exempt from thee;
Folly——Folly's only free.

Hark!——to the aſtoniſh'd ear
The gale conveys a ſtrange tumultuous ſound,
They now approach, they now appear,—
Phrenzy leads her chorus near,
And demons dance around.——

Pride——Ambition idly vain,
Revenge, and Malice ſwell her train,—
Devotion warp'd—Affection croſt—
Hope in Diſappointment loſt——
And injur'd merit with a downcaſt eye,
(Hurt by neglect) flow ſtalking heedleſs by.

Loud the ſhouts of Madneſs riſe,
Various voices, various cries,—
Mirth unmeaning—cauſeleſs moans,
Burſts of laughter—heart-felt groans—
All ſeem to pierce the ſkies.——

Rough as the wintry wave, that tears
On Thule's deſert ſhores,
Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
The fetter'd Maniac foams along,
(Rage the burthen of his ſong)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his ſtreaming hair.
No pleaſing memory left—forgotten quite
Connubial love—parental joy—
No ſympathies like theſe his ſoul employ,
—But all is dark within, all furious black deſpair.

Not ſo the lovelorn maid,
By too much tenderneſs betray'd;
Her tender breaſt no angry paſſion fires,
But ſlighted vows poſſeſs, and fainting ſoft deſires.
She yet retains her wonted flame,
All——but in reaſon, ſtill the ſame.—
Streaming eyes,
Inceſſant ſighs,
Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
Point out to pity's tears, the poor diſtracted fair.
Dead to the world—her fondeſt wiſhes croſt,
She mourns herſelf thus early loſt.——
Now, ſadly gay, of ſorrows paſt ſhe ſings;
Now penſive, ruminates unutterable things.
She ſtarts—ſhe flies—who dares ſo rude
On her ſequeſtrate ſteps intrude?——
'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—
Merry miſchief fills his brain.
Blanket rob'd, and antick-crown'd,
The mimick monarch ſkips around;
Big with conceit of dignity he ſmiles,
And plots his frolic's quaint, and unſuſpected wiles.
Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
Drawn from the inmoſt ſoul!
"Give the knife, demons, or the poiſon'd bowl,
"To finiſh miſeries equal to your own."—

Who's that wretch, with horror wild?
—'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child,—
Sunk in the emphaſis of grief,
Nor can he feel, nor dares he aſk relief.—

Thou, fair Religion, waſt deſign'd,
Beauteous daughter of the ſkies,
To warm and cheer the human mind,
To make men happy, good, and wiſe.
To point, where lits in love array'd
Attentive to each ſuppliant call,
The God of univerſal aid,
The God, the father of us all.

Firſt ſhewn by thee, thus glow'd the gracious ſcene,
'Till Superſtition, fiend of woe,
Bade doubts to riſe, and tears to flow, [tween.
And ſpread deep ſhades our view and heaven be-

Drawn by her pencil the Creator ſtands,
(His beams of mercy thrown aſide)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.
Hope, at the frown aghaſt, yet lingering flies,
And daſh'd on Terror's rocks, Faith's beſt dependence lies.

But ah! too thick they croud, too cloſe they throng,
Objects of pity and affright!—
Spare farther the deſcriptive ſong—
Nature ſhudders at the ſight—
Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapleſs group ſow drop Compaſſion's veil.

SONG.

HOPE, thou nurſe of young deſire,
Fairy promiſer of joy;
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate ſweet that ne'er can cloy.

Hope, thou earneſt of delight,
Softeſt ſoother of the mind;
Balmy cordial, proſpect bright;
Sureſt friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver, flatter ſtill,
Deal out pleaſures unpoſſeſt;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wiſhes make me bleſt.

WIT AND GENIUS.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant ſtone
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boaſts two various pow'rs in one,
At once to cut and ſhine.

A genius too, if poliſh'd right,
With the ſame gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And ſparkles while it wounds.

THE PRETTY VIXEN.

WHEN foam'd the daſhing waves, and winds were high,
Like *Venus*, ſure, from *Ocean's* arms you ſprung;
For I can bear the lightning of your eye,
But who can bear the thunder of your tongue?

SEPARATION.

THE worſt of tortures fate can find
To lacerate a feeling mind,
Or rob the ſoul of reſt,
Is when its adverſe laws ordain
That Separation's pow'rful pain,
Should agoniſe the breaſt.

Oh! 'tis an anguiſh too ſevere
For even Hope to ſoothe or cheer,
Though deck'd in radiance bright;
For, like denſe vapours which ariſe,
And caſt a gloom upon the ſkies,
It ſoon obſcures her light.

Its torturing pangs, alas! are found
More poignant than the keeneſt wound,
That venom'd darts can ſend;
For fortitude can ſuffer pain,
But, oh! to part, and not again
Rejoin, a much lov'd friend,

Corrodes, as well as pains, the heart,
Makes ev'ry nerve with anguiſh ſmart,
And every bliſs deſtroys;
Remembrance, with officious zeal,
Increaſes ev'ry pang we feel,
Recurring to paſt joys.

And oft, amidſt the gloom of night,
It brings Louiſa to my ſight,
Then leaves me to deplore;
In every dream I likewiſe ſee
Some tender proofs of love tow'rds me,
And, waking, feel 'tis o'er.

Ah! no, though diſtance may divide,
Affection ſtill will be her guide;
Still, like the needle true,
Her thoughts will turn towards that pole
Which ſeem'd to guide her chaſten'd ſoul,
Though not within her view.

And Mem'ry's pencil oft ſhall paint,
In colors neither cold nor faint,
The portrait of a friend;
On whom, through ev'ry ſcene of life,
Whether of pleaſure, pain, or ſtrife,
She firmly may depend.

Then, why ſhould Separation's pow'r
Impreſs with gloom each future hour,
Why ev'ry bliſs deſtroy?
Still our united thoughts ſhall greet,
And, though divided, they ſhall meet,
And thus partake of joy.

EPIGRAM.

AN amorous youth once ſought the bliſs,
To ſteal a ſoft and balmy kiſs,
When *Sylvia* ſtampt, (and ſome ſay ſwore)
That he ſhould gain the prize no more;
He ſmil'd and ſaid, 'if ſuch your pain,
Pray, Miſs, return it back again.'

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